THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day the Sun with cloudless ray,
Beams joy and happiness around;
To-morrow winds tempestuous play,
And sleet adorns the frozen ground.
Such is the doom to man assign'd;
Such are the changes of the mind.

To-day the genial zephyrs breathe,
The fragrance of the opening year;
To-morrow sees the barren heath,
And vegetation disappear.
Such is the fate of haman kind,
Such are the changes of the mind.

To-day the sun of Pleasure smiles,
Youth Joy and Beauty, deck the scenes;
The magic wand of Hope beguiles,
And not a dark cloud intervenes;
Such is the view to youth assign'd,
Such the delusions of the mind.

To-morrow Disappointment lowers,
Cares canker gnaws the aching breast,
Regret each passing moment sours,
Or Sorrow rears her gorgon crest:
Such is the doom to man assign'd;
Such are the changes of the mind.

To-day deceitful Fortune wears,
The gladd'ning smile of Joy and Peace;
We seek not Sorrow's hidden snares,
That soon may bid our pleasures cease;
Our prospects fair, and unconfin'd,
Yield sweet contentment to the mind.

To-morrow wears another face;
And dark'ning clouds obscure the view;
In vain the past scenes we retrace,
Or strive the future to pursue:
But dreary are the thoughts assign'd,
To occupy the gloomy mind.

To-day then let us all prepare,
For what the morrow may produce:
To-morrow be our chiefest care,
To put each hour to proper use;
Move in the sphere by Heaven design'd,
And regulate the wandering mind.

LYRICUS.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

The prevalence of distress which I have been an eye witness to in our city, for some months past, and in which I have had to share, has induced me to commit to paper a few thoughts, that have been instrumental in buoying up my mind under my afflictions, and I now send them to you, with the hope, if you think them worthy a place in your useful paper, that they may have the same desirable effect on some others.

If we are but followers of that which is good, we have the unchangeable promise of an unchanging God, that all these things shall work together for our good. If we could only keep in our remembrance, promises like these with which the Scriptures abound, through every changing scene of life, it might have a blessed effect, in reconciling us to all the calamities that may overtake us in our pilgrimage through life. 'Tis a beautiful idea of some writers, that afflictions must be absolutely necessary for us in this our probationary state, when so good a God as ours permits us to be so much afflicted as we now are; he who is so kind and good, who careth for the sparrows, and hears the young ravens when they cry, shall he not deliver his children from all their troubles. We are now here as diseased persons, placed in an infirmary to be cured, by and by an entire cure shall be effected, when all these afflicting circumstances shall be past and gone forever, like a distressful dream in the morning; & we shall be safely landed on the peaceful shores of endless rest. Instances have occurred of mariners having been tossed about for a length of time, on the tempestuous ocean, with scarce a hope of ever again seeing the wished-for land; but have at length arrived at a port of safety.

Oh! ye sorely tried ones, give all diligence, to make your calling and election sure, when a few more raging waves have passed over your heads, you will have reached the haven of rest, and shall, on the banks of deliverance, have to sing the triumphant song.

"There you may bathe your happy souls,
In seas of heavenly rest:—
While not one wave of trouble rolls,
Across your peaceful breast."

Such a view as this, of what may be called the dark side of human nature, is well calculated to make us endure patiently, all the evils that may be permitted to befal us, and is perhaps the only way to reconcile them with an infinite and over-ruling providence.

THEOPHILUS.

Oct. 25th, 1805.

For the Evening Fire-side.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES. LETTER I.

To R———— Z————

While on the roof the rain descends,
And thirsty earth her pores distends;
The moisture to receive;
Secure within this friendly dome,
I sit and smoke and think of home,
From brightning morn till eve.

And now by time and care oppress'd,
(For care has long since been at rest,
Within my mirthful heart;)
I sit me down to pass an hour,
Obedient to sweet Friendship's power,
Some rambling thoughts t'impart,

A week, dear Dick, has pass'd and more,
Since at your hospitable door,
I bade you all farewell;
And here in this mild healthful clime,
I've pass'd that *tedious* length of time,
Like hermit in his cell.

Yet though a lazy life I've led,
Health spreads her mantle o'er my head,
And I have found Content;
That jewel, which to active life,
Midst noise and bustle, care and strife,
So seldom Heaven has sent.

Yet though the nymph whom all address,
Thee! blue-eye maid sweet Happiness,
Prefers the humble cell;
Where Innocence, pure Nature's child,
With accents soft and manners mild,
Unnotic'd loves to dwell;

Yet you and I midst wealthy fools,
Midst Fashion's slaves and Folly's schools,
Have found the blushing maid,
For though around us splendour shines,
We do not grope Golconda's mines,
With glitt'ring gems inlaid.

We have not learn'd (in business old)
To barter solid bliss for gold,
Or peace exchange for wealth:
A competence is all we ask,
We ne'er for more will fortune task,
If Heaven but grant us health.

We love not Pride's fantastic dome,
But calm Content our humble home,
With Friendship's joys shall grace,
And if perchance we think of love,
May wisdom from our hearts remove,
Vile fashion's fickle race.

Some modest nymphs with virtue grac'd,
Nor fond of dress, nor void of taste,
(We'll beauty set aside,)
Shall keep alive a lasting flame,
More pure than e'er was known to fame,
Or e'er to wealth allied.

Domestic pleasures, friendship's joys,
That time nor fortune e'er destroys,
Shall bless our happy home;
Life's choicest comforts there we'll find,
The gen'rous heart, the well-stor'd mind,
Nor e'er have cause to roam.

But should we not prefer a life,
Encumber'd with the thing call'd wife,
In city tumult spent;
We'll seek some rural scenes like these,
Find health in every balmy breeze,
In every walk content.

There with our books beneath the shade,
Woo Contemplation musing maid,
With all her sisters fair;
Sweet Poetry shall cheer our roof,
Nor welcome Science stand aloof,
But our attention share.

Thus time shall pass unheeded by,
Nor e'er in our retreat descry,
A penitential tear;
No crime shall slumb'ring conscience wake,
Our bosoms like the neighbouring lake,
Shall e'er be calm and clear.

And when old age comes swiftly on,
Bids youth and blooming health begone,
Yet still Content we'll find:
We'll scorn infirmity and pain,
And while the sparks of life remain,
Find refuge in the mind.

Such are the visions Fancy draws,
Such gain the youthful heart's applause,
But all alas must fade;
Virtue and happiness have fled,
And modest worth declines his head,
Or pines in sorrow's shade.

But whatsoe'er may be our lot,
To *grace* a palace or a cot,
Our hearts still let us join:
Friendship can soothe the troubled soul,
Despondency's fell power controul,
Immortal and divine.

LYRICUS.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Eulogium on an amiable female Pupil, who died in the year 1790. Written by her Tutor.

Escap'd from life, and all its train of ills,
Which, ah! too sure the hoary pilgrim feels;
To shorter trial doom'd, and lighter toil,
Ere sin could tempt her, or the world defile,
She, favour'd innocent, retires to rest,
Tastes but the cup of sorrow, and is blest.

As the righteous are pronounced 'blessed,' even in death; so a tribute of commemoration appears due to the memory of those little ones, whose prudence and virtue raised them to eminent stations among their companions.—Dear much-loved Amanda, whose cold remains have just been solemnly committed to the dust, holds her rank among the foremost of this distinguished class.

Amanda's temper was naturally cheerfull, but generally preserved from any tincture of improper levity. Blessed with great sensibility of heart, and an unusual degree of good nature, her actions were finely blended with an air of sweetness and ease. These amiable qualities, together with modesty and humility, a kind disposition to oblige, and a prudence and native dignity of manners, rarely found in those of her age, united to render the dear girl conspicuously amiable.

Patient of controul, unwearied in application, she advanced with rapidity in the paths of science proper for her sex to tread. Although early raised from the lowest to the highest station among her fellow-students, her humility and sweetness of temper were such, that envy, finding nothing for malevolence to work upon, turned away and was silent before her.

When contemplating the loss of so much worth, how can we but exclaim: Oh inexorable death! why should this tender, this promising plant, fall beneath thy unrelenting hand? why didst thou not rather arrest some stupid,—some worthless mortal, who lives but to burthen creation? why not rather some slave of dissipation, who bows at the shrine of intemperance and folly; and whose contagious example spreads extensive ruin?

Dear lovely maiden! how can we but lament the loss of thee!—So some fair flowret of the vale, scarce beginning to unfold its fragrant foliage on the mild bosom of spring, torn from its native stalk, is cast forth to rise no more.—Pleasing thought! restrain your tears, ye sorrowing relatives: Amanda is happy. Even now, perhaps, numbered among the beatified spirits, a smiling seraph, she exults in glory, for ever separated from the temptations, the sorrows and vicissitudes of human life.

Ye dear and tender companions of Amanda, who loved her when living, and at her death, dropped over her the tear of commisseration, remember her and be instructed. From her early departure out of time, learn the sad reality of what hath often been told you; that death awaits every period of human life; and with a hasty summons taketh from the world the youth as well as the aged. And let a recollection of Amanda's affability and patience, her readiness to oblige, and all her nameless virtues, animate your exertions to tread her path.

C.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-side.

On returning from the labours of the field, this evening, I was much gratified at meeting once more with your miscellany; more especially, as it contained a sort of notice from my old friend TOBY, alias RUSTICUS; some of my neighbours just then joining in our circle (those who presumed to laugh at TOBY, and have since received from him the honourable title of villains) his hotchpotch of three weeks cooking, afforded us a fine dish of laughter; and with that my notice of him would have ended, had he not unjustly used my name as a means of traducing a writer with whom CLEMENS has no connection. On this account I wish to claim your attention once more, after which I shall confine myself to the social intercourse of my native vale.

For all past favours, and this one now anticipated, accept the acknowledgments of your friend

CLEMENS.

Sir TOBY forsake thy disguise,
Thy misquotings, perversions of sense;
Thy aim to be rank'd with the wise,
To a *critic's* applause thy pretence.

O man! it was monstrous absurd,
In so *valiant*, *discerning* a Knight,
To stoop to contend with a word,
And then to be foil'd in the fight.

These vanities leaving awhile,
To the voice of Reflection attend;
For why should contumacy spoil,
Thy life of so faithful a friend.

Did CLEMENS thy anger engage?
'Gainst him let that anger inflame:—
But why should its petulent rage,
Be levell'd at innocent fame?

A man of an imbecile mind,
In a passion will flout all around;
But in TOBY, a *peer so refin'd*,
Such childishness should not be found.

Poor ALLEN's harmonious lay,
In our valley full sweetly will chime;
When thine having twinkled a day,
Shall be lost in the rubbish of time.

To day in a field that was new,
On the stilts of my plough as I lean'd;
From the plants on the headland that grew,
The fruits of instruction I glean'd.

In the soil that produces the rose,
Which in June spread its blossoms around;
There wildly luxuriant grows,
The nettle known only to wound.

Thence the nightshade its poison inhales,
More deadly than arrows of steel:
The sweet balsam perfumes the gales,
Panacea is gifted to heal.

To the moral, Sir Tony attend,
The moral with meaning is fraught;
Nor scorn my irascible friend,
By a tiller of ground to be taught.

From the source whence the vile and the vain,
A nourishment draw for their spite;
The noble and generous gain,
A rational feast of delight.

For instance: the sorrowful tale,
Of Mary, the widow distrest;
Applausively rang through the vale,
And Allen the poet we blest.

Amid the rude winter's wild roar,
While full-fed and cheerful and warm;
He invites us to pity the poor,
Who shivering buffet the storm.

Even Hodge a poor labouring hind,
As he stirs up the blaze with the thorn;
By the tale to compassion inclin'd,
Wishes well to the Widow forlorn.

He ask'd not if Allen was skill'd,
If his tale was according to art:
For him 'twas enough that it thrill'd,
On the tenderest chord of his heart.

But Tony, misguided by rage,
To snarling devoted by choice;
Not the pleadings of pity engage,
He hears not sweet Charity's voice.

Ah! Tony, dismiss from thy breast;
Those passions would murder thy peace;
Let candour exalt there her crest,
Let discord and wrangling cease.

Clemens.

Handspath, near Downingstown,
10th mo. 30th, 1805.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Happiness properly estimated by its degrees in whatever subject.

Let those whom folly prompts to sneer,
Be told we sport with fable here;
Be told, that brutes can morals teach,
And trees like soundest casuists preach.

Though it be generally allowed, that to communicate happiness is the characteristic of virtue, yet this happiness is seldom considered as extending beyond our own species; and no man is thought to become vicious, by sacrificing the life of an animal to the pleasure of hitting a mark. It is, however, certain, that by this act more happiness is destroyed than produced; except it be supposed, that happiness should be estimated, not in proportion to its degree only, but to the rank of the being by whom it is enjoyed: but this is a supposition, which perhaps cannot easily be supported. Reason, from which alone man derives his superiority, should, in the present question, be considered only as sensibility: a blow produces more pain to a man than to a brute; because, to a man it is aggravated by a sense of indignity, and is felt as often as it is remembered; in the brute it produces only corporal pain, which in a short time ceases for ever. But it may be justly asserted, that the same degree of pain in both subjects, is in the same degree an evil; and that it cannot be wantonly inflicted, without equal violation of right. Neither does it follow from the contrary positions, that man should abstain from animal food; for by him that kills merely to eat, life is sacrificed only to life; and if man had lived upon fruits and herbs, the greater part of those animals which die to furnish his table, would never have lived; instead of increasing the breed as a pledge of plenty, he would have been compelled to destroy them to prevent a famine.

There is great difference between killing for food, and for sport. To take pleasure in that by which pain is inflicted, if it is not vicious, is dangerous; and every practice which, if not criminal in itself, yet wears out the sympathizing sensibility of a tender mind, must render human nature proportionably less fit for society. In my pursuit of this train of thought, I considered the inequality with which happiness appears to be distributed among the brute creation, as different animals are in a different degree exposed to the capricious cruelty of mankind; and in the fervor of my imagination, I began to think it possible that they might participate in a future retribution; especially as mere matter and motion approach no nearer to sensibility than to thought: and he who will not venture to deny that brutes have sensibility, should not hastily pronounce, that they have only a material existence. While my mind was thus busied, the evening stole imperceptibly away; and at length morning succeeded to midnight: my attention was remitted by degrees, and I fell asleep in my chair.

Though the labours of memory and judgment were now at an end, yet fancy was still busy: by this roving wanton I was conducted through a dark avenue, which, after many windings, terminated in a place which she told me was the elysium of birds and beasts. Here I beheld a great variety of animals, whom I perceived to be endowed with reason and speech: this prodigy, however, did not raise astonishment, but curiosity. I was impatient to learn what were the topics of discourse in such an assembly; and hoped to gain a valuable addition to my remarks upon human life. For this purpose I approached a horse and an ass, who seemed to be engaged in serious conversation; but I approached with great caution and humility: for I now considered them as in a state superior to mortality; and I feared to incur the contempt and indignation, which naturally rise at the sight of a tyrant who is divested of his power. My caution was, however, unnecessary, for they seemed wholly to disregard me, and by degrees I came near enough to overhear them.

"If I had perished," said the ass, "when I was dismissed from the earth, "I think I should have been a loser by "my existence: for, during my whole "life, there was scarce an interval of an "hour, in which I did not suffer the ac- "cumulated misery of blows, hunger, "and fatigue. When I was a colt, I "was stolen by a gipsy, who placed two "children upon my back in a pair of pan- "niers, before I had perfectly acquired "the habit of carrying my own weight "with steadiness and dexterity. By hard "fare and ill treatment, I quickly became "blind; and when the family to which I "belonged, went into their winter quar- "ters in Norwood, I was staked as a bet "against a couple of geese, which had "been found by a fellow who came by, "driving before him two of my brethren, "whom he had overloaded with bags of "sand: a half-penny was thrown up: "and, to the inexpressible encrease of "my calamity, the dealer in sand was "the winner.

"When I came to town, I was har- "nessed with my two wretched associates "to a cart, in which my new master had "piled up his commodity till it would "hold no more. The load was so dis- "proportionate to our strength, that it "was with the utmost difficulty and la- "bour dragged very slowly over the rug- "ged pavement of the streets, in which "every stone was an almost insuperable "obstacle to our progress. One morn- "ing very early, as we were toiling up "Snow-hill with repeated efforts of "strength, that was stimulated even to "agony, by the incessant strokes of a "whip, which had already laid our loins "bare even to the bone; it happened, "that being placed in the shafts, and the "weight pressing hard upon me, I fell.

" down. Our driver regarded my mis-
" fortune, not with pity, but rage: and
" the moment he turned about, he threw
" a stick with such violence at my head,
" that it forced out my eye, and passing
" through the socket into the brain, I
" was instantly dismissed from that mise-
" ry, the comparison of which, with
" my present state constitutes great part
" of its felicity. But you, surely, if I
" may judge by your stature, and the
" elegance of your make, was among the
" favourites of mankind; you was pla-
" ced in a higher and happier station;
" you was not the slave of indigence, but
" the pride of greatness; your labour
" was sport, and your reward was tri-
" umph, ease, plenty and attendance."

" It is true," replied the steed, " I was
" a favourite; but what avails it to be the
" favourite of caprice, avarice and bar-
" barity? My tyrant was a wretch who
" had gained a considerable fortune by
" play, particularly by racing. I had
" won him many large sums; but being
" at length excepted out every match, as
" having no equal, he regarded even my
" excellence with malignity, when it was
" no longer subservient to his interest.
" Yet I still lived in ease and plenty; and
" as he was able to sell even my pleasures,
" though my labour was become useless,
" I had a seraglio in which there was a
" perpetual succession of new beauties.
" At last, however, another competitor
" appeared: I enjoyed a new triumph by
" anticipation; I rushed into the field,
" panting for the conquest; and the first
" heat I put my master in possession of
" the stakes, which amounted to ten
" thousand pounds. The proprietor of
" the mare that I had distanced, notwith-
" standing this disgrace, declared with
" great zeal, that she should run the next
" day against any gelding in the world
" for double the sum: my master im-
" mediately accepted the challenge, and
" told him, that he would the next day
" produce a gelding that should beat her:
" but what was my astonishment when I
" discovered that he most cruelly and
" fraudulently intended to qualify me for
" this match upon the spot; and to sa-
" crifice my life at the very moment in
" which every nerve should be strained
" in his service!

" As I knew it would be in vain to re-
" sist, I suffered myself to be bound:
" the operation was performed, and I
" was instantly mounted and spurred on
" to the goal. Injured as I was, the love
" of glory was still superior to the desire
" of revenge: I determined to die as I
" had lived, without an equal; and hav-
" ing again won the race, I sunk down
" at the post in an agony, which soon af-
" ter put an end to my life."

When I had heard this horrid narrative, which indeed I remembered to be true, I turned about in honest confusion, and blushed that I was a man. But my reflections were interrupted by the notes of a blackbird, who was singing the story of his own fate, with a melody that irresistibly compelled my attention. By this gentle and harmonious being, I was not treated with equal contempt; he perceived that I listened with curiosity, and, interrupting his song, " Stranger," says he, " though I am, as thou seest, in the " fields of elysium, yet my happiness is " not complete; my mate is still exposed " to the miseries of mortality, and I am " still vulnerable in her. O! stranger, " to bribe thy friendship, if peradventure " it may reach my love, I will gratify the " curiosity with which thy looks enquire " after me. I fell by the unprovoked en-" mity of man, in that season when the " dictates of nature are love. But let " not my censure be universal; for as the " elegy which I sing, was written by a " human being, every human being is " not destitute of compassion, nor deaf " to the language in which our joys and " fears are expressed." He then, after a sweet, though short prelude, made the grove again echo with his song.

The sun had chac'd the winter's snow,
And kindly loos'd the frost-bound soil;
The melting streams began to flow,
And plowmen urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then amid the vernal throng,
Whom nature wakes to mirth and love,
A Blackbird rais'd his am'rous song,
And thus it echo'd through the grove.

'O! fairest of the feather'd train,
'For whom I sing, for whom I burn;
'Attend with pity to my strain,
'And grant my love a kind return.

'See, see, the winter storms are flown,
'And zephyrs gently fan the air!
'Let us the genial influence own,
'Let us the vernal pastime share.

'The raven plumes his jetty wing,
'To please his croaking paramour;
'The larks responsive love-tales sing,
'And tell their passions as they soar.

'But trust me, love, the raven's wing,
'Is not to be compar'd with mine;
'Nor can the lark so sweetly sing
'As I, who strength with sweetness join.

'With thee I'll prove the sweets of love,
'With thee divide the cares of life,
'No fonder husband in the grove,
'Nor none than thee a happier wife.

'I'll lead thee to the clearest rill,
'Whose streams among the pebbles stray;
'There will we sit and sip our fill,
'Or on the flow'ry border play.

'I'll guide thee to the thickest brake,
'Impervious to the school-boy's eye,
'For thee the plaster'd nest I'll make,
'And on thy downy pinions lie.

'To get thee food I'll range the fields,
'And cull the best of every kind;
'Whatever nature's bounty yields,
'Or love's assiduous care can find.

'And when my lovely mate would stray,
'To taste the summer sweets at large,
'At home I'll wait the live-long day,
'And tend at home our infant charge.

'When prompted by a mother's care,
'Thy warmth shall form th' imprison'd young,
'With thee the task I'll fondly share,
'Or cheer thy labours with my song.'

He ceas'd his song. The melting dame
With tender pity heard his strain;
She felt, she own'd a mutual flame,
And hasten'd to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
And nestled closely to her side,
The happiest bridegroom in that hour,
And she the most enamour'd bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a song—
'Arise! behold the new-born day!
'The lark his mattin peal has rung:
'Arise, my love, and come away!'

Together through thefields they stray'd,
And to the verdant riv'let's side,
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
With honest joy and decent pride.

But O! my muse with pain relates
The mournful sequel of my tale;
Sent by an order of the Fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, 'my dear,
'Haste, haste away; from danger fly!
'Here, gunner, turn thy vengeance, here!
'O! spare my love, and let me die.'

At him the gunner took his aim;
The aim he took was much too true;
O! had he chose some other game,
Or shot as he had us'd to do!'

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearse;
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,
And save the lover in my verse.

The emotions which this song produced in my bosom, awaked me: and I immediately recollected, that, while I slept, my imagination had repeated " an elegy " occasioned by shooting a blackbird on " Valentine's-day," which had a few days before been communicated to me by a gentleman, who is not only eminent for taste, literature, and virtue, but for his zeal in defence of that religion, which most strongly inculcates compassion to inferior natures, by the example of its

* Never having killed any thing before or since.

Divine Author, who gave the man stupendous proof of his compassion for ours. [*The Adventurer.*]

Remarkable Recoveries from apparent Death.

It happens more frequently than is commonly imagined, that persons, supposed to be dead, and treated as such, possess, nevertheless, in some parts of the body, such remains of heat and motion as, with proper assistance, might contribute to restore them entirely to life. We have had many instances of this nature in the frequent recovery of persons that have been drowned, and doubt not but the same success might attend our endeavours to recover others in similar circumstances, though owing to different accidents. In this climate we are not often subject to the severest extremities of cold; and yet we have had some instances of people having been frozen to death. The first anecdote we shall relate is from the Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sweden.

A peasant about 60 years of age, of the province of Scheeren in Sweden, having been made very drunk with brandy, was, in his way home, thrown down by the violence of the wind; and, as he was too far gone in liquor to recover his legs again, he soon fell asleep where he lay. Not being discovered till the next morning, he was found then frozen stiff, and taken up for dead. He was put into a shell, in order for interment; when fortunately Mr. Nauder, a physician of the province of Gothland, being on a journey, arrived on the spot where the accident happened. He examined the body; the face and all the extremities were cold as ice, and the cheeks of an extraordinary red colour. The joints were immoveable; the eyes were open, and fixed. Not the least motion of the heart or pulse, nor the smallest signs of respiration, were left; and the feet were so completely frozen, that the toes were all become black, except the great toe of the right foot. After some time contemplating on these unfavourable circumstances, Mr. Nauder imagined he could perceive some warmth at the pit of the stomach, which encouraged him to hope the poor object might be recovered; but there being no apothecary, nor medicines of any kind to be had in the place, he was reduced to try the following methods: He began by ordering the arms, legs, and loins, of the patient to be rubbed with coarse woollen cloths. He put on the stomach and belly, warm cloths of the same kind, which were frequently changed, increasing their warmth by degrees. At the same time the patient was laid on a mattrass on the floor; no care being taken as yet about his feet, which the physician supposed it was impossible to save. On reflecting afterwards, however, on the custom of putting frozen meat into cold water, in order to thaw it, without prejudice, he had a mind to try the same expedient. But, as the joints were as yet inflexible, he could not find means to immerse the feet in water, so was obliged to content himself with ordering wet linen cloths, frequently changed, to be wrapped round them.

By these means, the region of the heart began to recover warmth, but it was not till after four hours constant rubbing, there was the least appearance of respiration. This was about two o'clock in the afternoon. No pulse, however, was to be perceived till near half an hour after three; when the muscles began to lose their rigidity; the cheeks relaxed, and before five a silver spoon might be got in between his teeth. At this time they strove to make him swallow some hot wine, which with much difficulty was effected: after which his face was covered with sweat, and his cheeks began to return to their natural colour. Soon afterwards he began to move his eyebrows, and, at six o'clock, his arms and hands. He was now placed in his bed, before a good fire; his arms and legs being well covered with warm blankets. He took also two or more spoonfuls of hot wine; and, about eight o'clock, began first to talk, but in a manner very confused and unintelligible; being delirious, and fancying himself still in the forest. By degrees the cold had almost left his feet, and the blackness of the toes in a great measure disappeared, although the free motion of the joints was not as yet restored. About ten o'clock, however, he began to bend his back, and complained of a violent pain in his legs. He took now a little beer made hot, with an egg beat in it, and soon after went to sleep. In the morning, his feet were warm, and without pain, and his toes recovered entirely their natural colour, but both were extremely tender. His pulse beat quick and strong, and together with a burning thirst indicated bleeding; but, no lancet being to be got, Mr. Nauder ordered him some water-gruel, which he drank of at intervals, plentifully, till noon; when he was farther relieved. He went again in the evening to sleep, and was the next morning capable of sitting up, and being conveyed home in a carriage, not indeed entirely free from pain, but in a fair way of a perfect and speedy recovery.

The following is the remarkable case of a young woman who had lain some hours under water; from the Journal Historique.

This account was communicated to the author of the abovementioned journal by Dr. du Moulin, an eminent physician, who accidentally, and luckily for the poor girl, happened to hear of her misfortune soon after she was taken out of the water.

A servant maid, he says, of about eighteen years of age, had fallen into a river, down which she was carried, by the force of the stream, upwards of one hundred and fifty paces from the place she fell in at. But her clothes catching hold of some piles, driven down for the use of a neighbouring tanner, she there stopt; and, some hours after, the tanner's people coming that way, she was taken up. Being personally unknown to those who first found her, she was exposed some time before her friends heard of the disaster that had happened. At length she was carried to the house of her mistress; where she was stript and laid down before the fire, without any hopes however of her recovery. In this situation the doctor found her, without motion, stiff and cold, her eyes shut, her mouth open, her countenance pale and hollow, and her whole body much swelled and full of water. She had no pulse, and, the case being looked upon as desperate, the doctor had a mind to try an experiment, suggested to him by what he had observed of flies and other insects, that, being drowned and apparently dead, will yet recover by half burying them in ashes, or salt. He accordingly ordered a sufficient quantity of dry pot-ashes to be strowed upon a bed to about three inches deep: upon this layer of ashes the girl was placed, and another layer of ashes of about two inches deep was sprinkled over her. On her head was put a cap, containing a good quantity of ashes also, and round her throat a stocking filled with the same. The blankets were now laid on the bed, and thus the patient lay about half an hour; when her pulse began to beat, by degrees she recovered her voice, and soon cried out articulately, "O, I am frozen!—I am frozen!"

A cordial was administered, and she continued to lie eight hours in the ashes; during which time there was an evacu-

ation of water, to an amazing quantity: after which she found herself greatly relieved; and, though for the three following days she was still a little indisposed, the indisposition was slight, and went soon off. In want of a sufficient quantity of dry pot-ashes, dry salt may be used, and, according to the doctor, with the same success.

THE LIFE OF JOHN CALVIN.

This eminent reformer was born at Noyon in Picardy, in 1509. His first studies were at Paris; at Orleans he applied himself to the civil law, under Petres de Stella; he afterwards pursued this study at Bourges, where he enjoyed the assistance of Andrew Alicat. In this branch of literature, he made very considerable proficiency. At Bourges he also studied Greek, under professor Wolmar. After the death of his father, he repaired to Paris, and wrote Remarks on Seneca de Clementia.

As those of the reformation, in France, were treated with severity, he retired to Basil, where he studied Hebrew. Here he published his Institutes, which he dedicated to Francis I. From Basil, he went to Ferrara, where he was well received. He was appointed professor of divinity at Geneva in 1536. In the year following, he caused the people of that place solemly to swear to a confession of faith, which contained, among other things, a renunciation of the pope's authority; but as he proceeded in this business farther than was agreeable to the town and government, Farellus, himself, and another minister, were ordered to depart the town in two days, because they refused administering the sacrament of the Lord's supper to those who did not accede to Calvin's plan.

From Geneva he went to Strasbourg, where he was greatly esteemed by Bucer and Capito. At Strasbourg he formed a French church, of which he became the minister, and he was chosen professor of divinity of that town. While there, he still retained an affection for the church of Geneva, as is evident from the answer he wrote to the florid, but superficial letter of cardinal Sadolet, bishop of Carpentras.

At the request of the divines of Strasbourg, he assisted at a diet, convened by the emperor, at Worms and Ratisbon, for composing differences in religion. At this assembly he had a conference with Melanchton.

In September, 1541, through the importunity of the inhabitants of Geneva, he returned to that town, to the great satisfaction of the magistracy and people. The first thing he attended to was the establishing of a form of discipline, and a consistorial jurisdiction, with a power to inflict censures and canonical penances, even to excommunication. This method, by many, was regarded to be over rigorous, and to have too great an affinity to Roman tyranny. The new canon, however, was legally approved of in an assembly of all the people, Nov. 20, 1541; the clergy and laity obligating themselves invariable to observe it.

Calvin obtained many enemies by his inflexible severity, in maintaining the rights and jurisdiction of his consistory; and the rigor of his conduct, sometimes occasioned commotions in the town.

He was a person of uncommon natural abilities; of considerable learning and great industry. He wrote well, and was extremely zealous in maintaining his religious tenets. His enemies acknowledged that he was a man of sense and learning; very sober and temperate in his life, and so free from avarice, that his estate at his death, was not of more than fifty pounds value, including therein his library; they pretend, however, that he was irascible, and say that his friends charged him with being too satirical. If the reader is inclined to investigate the truth of these imputations, he may consult a Justification of Calvin, published by Monsieur Drellingcourt, a minister at Charenton, in 1667.

This worthy man died in 1564, in the 56th year of his age. His works are comprised in nine volumes.

[*Christian's Mag.*]

A short Account of the Cause of the Disease in Corn, called by Farmers the Blight, the Mildew, and the Rust.

This very interesting account is from the able pen of the right honourable Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society; being a paper printed for the use of his friends. The publication was suggested by the alarming state of the harvest in August last. As, from analogy, this curious piece of vegetable pathology may tend to throw light on human diseases, we feel ourselves fortunate in being enabled to lay it before our readers.

The *blight* in corn is occasioned by the growth of a minute parasitic fungus, or mushroom, on the leaves, stem, and glumes of the living plant. Figures, by high magnifying powers, are here given of this minute fungus on grass and corn, to enable agriculturalists to form a just notion of it.

The surface of a straw, of leaves, and glumes, is furnished with pores, by which the seeds of the fungus gain admission. They push their minute roots, no doubt (though these have not yet been traced), into the cellular texture beyond the bark, where they draw their nourishment, by intercepting the sap that was intended by nature for the nutriment of the grain: the corn of course becomes shrivelled, in proportion as the fungi are more or less numerous on the plant; and as the kernel only is abstracted from the grain while the cortical part remains undiminished, the proportion of the *flour* to the bran, in blighted corn, is always reduced in the same degree as the corn is made light. Some corn of the present year's crop will not yield a stone of flour from a sack of wheat; and, in some cases, the fungus robs the corn of its flour in such a proportion, that it would not pay for the expence of threshing; and bran only, or little else, would be produced on grinding.

The leaf is first infected in the spring, before the corn shoots up into straw, and the fungus is then of an *orange colour*; after the straw has become yellow, the fungus assumes a deep chocolate brown: each individual is so small, that every pore on the straw will produce from 20 to 40 fungi; and each of these will, it is presumed, produce at least 100 seeds; and if one of these seeds tillows out into the number of plants that appear at the bottom of a pore, how incalculably large must the increase be! A few diseased plants scattered over a field must very speedily infect a whole neighbourhood; for the seeds of fungi, are not much heavier than air, as every one who has trodden upon a ripe puff-ball must have observed, by seeing the dust, among which is its seed, rise up, and float on before him.

How long it is before this fungus arrives at puberty, and scatters its seeds in the wind, can only be guessed at by the analogy of others. The air is often loaded with this animated dust, ready whenever a gentle breeze, accompanied with humidity, shall give the signal to intrude itself into the pores of thousands of acres of corn.

It is suggested that the seed of the pa-

rasitic fungus of the barberry is transferred to the wheat; and hence a whole field may be blighted by a barberry bush.—Perhaps there are different kinds of parasitic fungi which produce different kinds of blight.

The seeds of blighted corn answer as well for seed-corn as the soundest seed. The smallest seeds, too, answer as well for seed-corn as the largest and plumpest.

[*Med. & Chir. Review.*]

Account of a Banian-Tree in the province of Bahar.—By Colonel Ironside.

Near Manjee, a small town at the confluence of the Devah (or Gogra) and the Ganges, about twenty miles west of the city of Patna, there is a remarkably large tree, called a *bur* or *banian-tree*, which has the quality of extending its branches, in a horizontal direction, to a considerable distance from its stem; and of then dropping leafless fibres, or scions, to the ground, which there catch hold of the earth, take root, embody, grow thick, and serve either to support the protracted branches, or, by a farther vegetation, to compose a second trunk. From these branches other arms again spring out, fall down, enter the ground, grow up again, and constitute a third stem, and so on. From the opposite pretty high bank of the Ganges, and at the distance of near eight miles, we perceived this tree of a pyramidical shape, with an easy spreading slope from its summit to the extremity of its lower branches, and mistook it at first for a small hill: we had no quadrant to measure its height; but the middle or principal stem is considerably higher, I think, than the highest elm, or other tree, I ever saw in England.—The following comprise some other of its dimensions, which were taken with a cord of a given length:—

	Yards.	Feet.
Diameter of the branches from north to south - -	121, or	363
Diameter of ditto from east to west - - - -	125, or	375
Circumference of the shadow of the extreme branches, taken at the meridian - -	372, or	1116
Circumference of the several bodies or stems, taken by carrying the cord round the outermost trunks -	307, or	921

The several trunks may amount to fifty or sixty.

N. B. The dropping fibres shoot down from the knots or joints of the boughs.

This tree, as well as the *peepel* and many other large trees in India, is a creeper. It is often seen to spring round other trees, particularly round every species of the palm. The date, or palmyra, growing through the centre of a banian-tree, looks extremely grand; and yet none of the European landscape painters, who have delineated views of this country, have introduced this characteristic object into their pieces. I have frequently observed it also shooting from old walls, and running along them. In the inside of a large brick-wall it lined the whole circumference of the internal space of it, and thus actually became a tree turned inside out.

Under the tree sat a *fakir*, or devotee. He had been there twenty-five years; but he did not continue there throughout the year, his vow obliging him to lie, during the four coldest months, up to his neck in the Ganges; and to sit, during the four hottest months, close to a large fire.

ANECDOTE OF LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Lord Chesterfield is not more entitled to fame as a man of wit himself, than as a generous encourager of it in others.—Several years ago, as the prisoners in Newgate, who had undergone the sentence of transportation, were marching along the streets, in order to be put on board of ship, they happened to have colours flying, fifes playing, with a number of other insigna of mirth and jollity. Bless me, exclaimed one gentleman to another, as they passed by, how happy these fellows are! Happy, master! returned one of the convicts, if you'd come along with us, you'd be quite *transported*.—His Lordship, on hearing this ingenious pun repeated, immediately informed himself of the culprit's offence; and finding it to be a trivial one, he procured a free pardon for him, before the vessel he had been embarked in left the river.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

Great events give great scope for great virtues; but the main tenour of human life is composed of small occurrences.—Within the round of these, lie the materials of the happiness of most men; the subjects of their duty, and the trials of their virtue. Virtue must be formed and supported, not by unfrequent acts, but by daily and repeated exertions. In order to its becoming either vigorous or useful, it must be habitually active; not breaking forth occasionally with a transient lustre, like the blaze of the comet; but regular in its returns, like the light of day: Not like the aromatic gale, which sometimes feasts the senses; but like the ordinary breeze, which purifies the air, and renders it healthful.

The man who is constantly served up with adulation, must be a first-rate philosopher, if he can listen without contracting new affections. The opinion we form of ourselves, is generally measured by what we hear from others; and when they conspire to deceive, we too readily concur in the delusion. Among the number of much applauded men in the circle of our own friends, we can recollect but few that have heads quite strong enough to bear a loud acclamation of public praise in their favor; among the whole list, we shall scarce find one that has not thus been made, on some side of his character, a coxcomb.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—The latest intelligence from the continent of Europe renders it probable that a long and bloody war was on the point of commencing between France, assisted perhaps, by Prussia and Bavaria, on one side; and Russia and Austria, backed by Great Britain and aided by Sweden, on the other. This event was placed beyond doubt.

The French army lately embodied near Boulogne; and the French and Dutch troops embarked in Holland, had actually debarked, and had marched towards the Rhine. A few divisions were left at Boulogne; but every battalion had left the Texel; in every part of France, all the enginery of war was in operation. The French funds had experienced a great fall.

Two Russian armies were, it was confidently said, on the march for Germany: and Austrian officers had actually been dispatched to conduct them. The Russian forces at Corfu were ready for immediate action.

The accounts from Austria are not explicit. One day they talk of peace and negociation; but on the next present us with whole columns of accounts of marching armies—new formed camps—the most efficient preparations for instant war; and the advance of vast bodies of veteran troops to the very frontiers of France and Italy.

Switzerland demands the protection of Austria; and has sent deputies to Vienna, for that purpose; but no answer has been given them.

A courier from Naples reports that the court had quitted the capital, and had retired to Palermo. At this departure a considerable fleet lay before Naples, but he was ignorant to what nation it belonged. The armed force under the orders of General Saint Cyr is concentrated in the two Abruzzes.

We are assured that the king of the two Sicilies, on being solicited to take a part in the differences which exist between France and England, has renewed his former declaration that he will observe the most scrupulous neutrality.

New expeditions were fitting out in England; and the expectations of Invasion were no more. No naval affair, of consequence, had taken place; and the blockades of Brest, and Cadiz, were continued. The English had been extremely fortunate in the arrival of their colonial fleets.

The expedition at Malta under Sir James Craig, was expected to sail shortly with 2000 of the garrison; probably to join the Russians at Corfu, to act against the French in Italy.

It is stated, that the king of Prussia is assembling troops in Franconia, in Anspach and Barueth, to support the neutrality which the princes of the South of Germany are determined to maintain, in case Austria goes to war. A treaty between Prussia and Bavaria for this object is talked of.

A large body of men is to be stationed in the environs of Lentz. The Court of Vienna are taking very strong measures for the safety of the capital of the empire, in which some disturbances have recently taken place, at the instigation of foreigners, it is supposed.

DOMESTIC.—A gentleman from Lancaster, states, that all the official returns of the election for governor, has been received at the office of the secretary of the commonwealth, and that governor M'Kean has a majority of 5189 votes. From accounts supposed to be more correct than the foregoing the majority is 4924.

Joseph Bloomfield, Esq. has been re-elected governor of the state of New-Jersey for the ensuing year without opposition.

On the 9th inst. arrived at Savannah, from the Creek nation, col. Benjamin Hawkins, with four Indian chiefs, and three interpreters—they left Savannah on the 11th, for the City of Washington.

Extract of a letter from Illinois, St. Clair county, received at New-York.

"The people of Upper Louisiana appear to be much pleased with the new mode of government which they are to come under next fall, agreeably to the late acts of congress.

"Six of captain Lewis's and Clark's men have arrived at St. Louis, and about twenty twenty Indians of different tribes, who have never been in a settlement of whites before. They live from 1000 to 1685 miles up the Missouri, and are on their way to see the president, intending to leave these parts in a very short time. When these men left captains Lewis and Clark, they were just about to leave their winter encampments, and pursue their journey to the Pacific Ocean, which they supposed to be about as much further off as they had gone from the mouth of the Missouri."

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Georgia.

"While on this subject, the importation of Negroes, I will relate an affecting anecdote, which came to my knowledge yesterday.—My neighbour Mr. B. had purchased twenty of that unfortunate race a few weeks ago in Charleston, among whom was a woman, about 20 years of age. On the way home, they stopped to pass the night at a house on the road, just as the negroes belonging to the owner of the place were returning from their labour in the field. One of them proved to be the husband of the woman. They had been torn asunder two years before in Africa. They met in this distant clime, and with such emotions of joy, mixed with such bitterness and grief, on the recollection of their past and present condition, as may be more easily conceived than described. They flew to each other! asked an hundred eager questions, and looking at the spectators, who sympathized in their feelings, declared they would never more be parted. Mr. B. who is a man of humanity, was present at the affecting scene. He immediately offered the owner of the husband to sell the wife, or to purchase the husband, but in vain! He then offered two negroes for the man, but the wretch would do neither. The momentary pleasure the poor creatures experienced when Mr. B. was endeavouring to prevent their being again separated, was converted into frantic agony, when they saw nothing would avail. All who were present, black and white, united in entreaties; and every eye but the miscreant owner of the husband, was in tears. Nothing would soften his obdurate heart: and the unhappy victims of his cruelty, were a second time literally torn asunder."

The New-York Board of Health have announced to their fellow citizens, that, in their opinion every reasonable cause of danger from Malignant fever has ceased, and, that they may return to their respective homes with every probability of perfect safety. The Board recommends, however, that precautionary measures be taken to ventilate their dwelling.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

Mr. Allnurt, of Henly, on Thames, has invented a mode of printing plans of estates with moveable types, uniting correctness, neatness and cheapness, in a degree which renders it worthy of the patronage of auctioneers, surveyors, &c. &c. [*Lon. Pap.*]

Among many late discoveries, one is worthy of attention, lately made by Thos. M. Corby, of Philadelphia, for which he has obtained a patent from the U. States, namely, a machine for cooling and filtering water or other fluids; water filtered by this machine, is not only freed from any animalcula, sulphurous, metallic, or mineral taint, but the most filthy putrid water will be rendered sweet and pure, as from the finest spring.

In the dry weather in August and September last, innumerable quantities of fish were found on the shores, &c. of Staunton-river, Virginia. The intolerable stench occasioned by their putrifying would undoubtedly have produced an endemic disorder, had not a sudden heavy rain, washed them away. For some weeks afterwards scarcely a single live fish was to be seen in the river.

The papers tell us of a man being apprehended for stealing *Portland stone* and *pavements*. This is none of the *light-fingered* gentry. [*Lon. Pap.*]

A cow, the property of Mr. Thomas Bradshaw, of Gauthorpe, is this year bringing up six calves: three of them were put to her the beginning of April, and were weaned July 17, and the other three put to her, which are in a very promising state. This cow also brought up two calves last year.

The Chinese physicians never prescribe bleeding, but allay the heat of the blood by abstinence, diet, and cooling herbs; saying, that if the pot boil too fast, it is better to subduct the fuel than lade out the water.

A single stalk of corn, raised in the field of Ebenezer Hoisington, of Windsor, Vermont, the present season, produced six ears, or 1737 kernels.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LYRICUS' communications are very acceptable; we hope he will continue them. In case he should neglect us in our ensuing number, we think it prudent to reserve *un morceau friand pour la semaine prochaine.*

EUSTACE as an imitator has some merit; but we must forbear pronouncing him an *original genius* until we have better proofs of his poetic powers.

G's selections will in part appear in our next. The Elegy must be revised and corrected before it can have a place in the Evening Fire-side.

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